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BRIEF MENTION.

There may be a diversity of opinion as to the value of addresses and popular lectures; there can be no diversity of opinion as to the disproportionate drain on the time and energies of the orator and the lecturer, as well as on the patience of the discerning portion of the audience. When the author of these performances rereads them after the lapse of years—nay, it may be after the lapse of months or weeks—he is apt to be seized with an immense disgust. If rashly committed to print, they are perpetual reminders—unhappy reminders—of the necessary conciliations of benevolence and the trivial jests which every American audience demands. And so I congratulate myself whenever I have withstood the temptation—and there is always a temptation—to bring these epideictic affairs of my own before a wider public, one that is not moved to sympathy by the living presence of the performer. They are things that perish with the using, or ought to perish with the using. One such praelection was extorted from me some months ago, and, in order to acquit myself of what seemed an inevitable duty without unnecessary interruption of my regular work, I took for my text a book which has had a certain vogue among those who have a vague fancy for Greek and like to have their predilection justified, like to have some professional scholar tell them what to think, but more particularly what to say, when they encounter the sneers of those who regard this whole line of studies as obsolete. But before I had completed my task, I bethought me of reading the criticisms that had been made of Mr. LIVINGSTONE'S volume, *The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us*, and found that the work had been satisfactorily disposed of by those organs of opinion for which I have respect; but it was too late to change my subject, and so I set my teeth and said to myself: Si vous y êtes, comme ie pense, donnez un peu plus de volée à vos cloches—memorable words addressed to an ancient and ineffectual performer in one of Balzac's Contes Drôlatiques, unread by me for fifty odd years. So true is it, as I had urged on a similar occasion (Hellas and Hesperia, p. 84), that the words that come up to us in time of stress are not always the words of the mother-tongue. In short, I was in for it, and did my best under the circumstances. And there the thing rested, and I bade my little discourse keep company with my other temporary trumperies. The long vacation came on. All my arrangements for the Journal had been made, and, like the man in Blair's Grave, I was sitting at ease in my possessions, when I received an intimation that one of my re-

viewers might fail me. I did not 'run to each avenue and shriek for help'—a vain proceeding at that period of the year—but in order to fill the possible gap I executed myself and made a summary of my rejected address, which I thought might serve as a review. Meantime the danger passed, and I was left with another time-wasting performance on my hands; but as in its revised form it was meant for publication, I consign it to its doom and give it a place among the unconsidered trifles of *Brief Mention*.

Hardly a number of the Journal appears without some fling at translations and translators, ungenerous flings, as some may deem them; but I am jealous, and jealousy is cruel as the grave. Similar is my attitude towards books concerning the Greek genius, which are multiplying like translations, and like translations set my nerves quivering. Neither class of performances do I look at except under dire compulsion such as forced me to read Mr. LIVINGSTONE'S volume, which has found its public.

The book is clever—cleverness is even cheaper now than *bel esprit* was in Molière's time—il n' y a rien à meilleur marché que le bel esprit maintenant—but it is an inexpressibly irritating book to a man of my make-up. There is too much kowtowing in it. By reason of a long life of study and an environment that makes for personal independence, I am averse to any form of kowtowing, and while the whole world was making obeisance to that deft manufacturer of counters that passed current for coin of the realm, Matthew Arnold, I did not hesitate to object to such phrases as 'Conduct is three-fourths of life', whereas it is the whole of life—if indeed life is *βίος* (A. J. P. XI 126); and I am sorry that my friend Professor Goodell has accepted Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as a criticism of life. Poetry is a criticism of life, but it is so much else. Matthew Arnold having had his day, Mr. LIVINGSTONE kowtows now to Nietzsche, who is all the rage, now to the Heavenly Twins after this fashion. 'In Germany', he says, 'Professor von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf (I miss the Ulrich), in England Professor Murray, have entered into the Greek mind to a degree impossible to previous generations'—generations to which I belong. Now, I yield to no one in my admiration of both these Hellenists; I am grateful to them both, but not to the extent of prostration, and I should not have bracketed them as Mr. LIVINGSTONE has done. 'Castor gaudet equis', and Gilbert Murray's poetical genius suggests a Pega-sean parallel, and *pugnis* is not inappropriate to Wilamowitz; but the Berlin scholar ought to stand alone.

No doubt the process of the ages brings with it a fuller appreciation of Hellenism, and of this process Wilamowitz and Gilbert Murray, each in his kind and degree, are conspicuous interpreters; but, after all, in the interest of the rank and file of Hellenists I maintain that the relation of the Grecian to things Greek is personal (A. J. P. XXXIII 305). The old scholar who loved Greek before Wilamowitz was born, who preached the glory of Greece when Gilbert Murray was in his cradle, finds it hard to kiss his hand to new luminaries—a proceeding forbidden in the Bible—though, to be sure, the *Udalricium sidus*¹ can hardly be called a new luminary. It was in this spirit of independence that I took for the title of the discourse I am now editing, 'The Wooing of Roxane', and compared myself to the inarticulate Chrétien of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*—Chrétien who loved Roxane with every fibre of his healthy being, and must have chafed when his fellow-admirer expressed his feelings so much better than he himself could have done. How I rejoiced when Chrétien achieved the kiss of which Cyrano only caught the air when it was blown to him! In order to grow old gracefully, we are told, it is necessary to be a little behind the fashion, and yet in espousing the cause of Chrétien against Cyrano I might consider myself as up-to-date, for in a figure I am pleading the cause of intuition against intellection. Still, if I am up-to-date, it is because of the inevitable cycle in ways of thinking. The same old issues recur, as the same old jokes recur, and the problem of the universe is a new edition of Hierokles, which I read seventy odd years ago in the *Graeca Minora*. Only the type is not so clear as the old, the ink is not so black. The grammarian, the student of rhetoric, encounter the same antitheses everywhere. Herakleitos, to adapt an old illustration of my own,² with his eternal flux is $\omega\varsigma$, is 'how', and answers to the impressionist. Parmenides with his everlasting one is $\delta\tau\iota$, is 'that', and answers to the idealist. The sophists juggle with 'how' and 'that', the artists in speech put $\omega\varsigma$ for $\delta\tau\iota$ to avoid the yawn between two vowels, and bid philosophic systems go hang. Even Plato, who begins with $\delta\eta\lambda\omicron\nu$ $\delta\tau\iota$, winds up with $\delta\eta\lambda\omicron\nu$ $\omega\varsigma$. Impressionism wins the day. Dionysios, the pedantic teacher of rhetoric, Dionysios, Usener's *magistellus*, analyzes all his orators. Lysias, for instance, he tells us, has all the virtues of style, purity of diction, clearness, conciseness, vividness. The arrangement of his narrative is faultless; he knows how to assume the character of the speaker, and touches the rôle he assumes with sympathy; but after all this analysis, Dionysios is forced to declare that in a question of genuineness he has to rest his judgment on an indefinable $\chi\acute{\alpha}\rho\iota\varsigma$, that $\chi\acute{\alpha}\rho\iota\varsigma$, which in the case of Demosthenes, be-

¹ In my youth the planet Uranus was still called *Georgium sidus*—a loathsome piece of snobbery.

² A. J. P. XXVIII 354. Comp. X 472.

comes a still more untranslatable *αὐτάρκης χάρις*. In point of fact he sorts his orators by a sense that is more subtle than the processes of chemical analysis; and thus we arrive at a conclusion which is supposed to be the last word of modern thought, and when we arrive, we find that we are living with Walt Whitman's animals who do not analyze, we find that it behooves us to worship and fall down and kneel before the Egyptian Anubis, to whom the world is a smell-scape.

But really this is nothing new to me. Many years ago I insisted that the way to understand Pindar lay through synthesis, not through analysis. Keeping step with genius is a subtle process. All keeping step is subtle, and the advocate of impression against intellection might quote LIVINGSTONE to his purpose, for LIVINGSTONE agrees with all the fashionables in turn. Now he is an analyst, anon an impressionist and if it were worth while I could make him plead with me the case of Chrétien against Cyrano. Only it is distinctly not worth while. One of our foremost Pindaric scholars, Fraccaroli, has advocated the doctrine that Greek poetry began to decline when consciousness came in (A. J. P. XV 503); and one of his compatriots, Bodrero (A. J. P. XXXI 110), maintains that the coming of Sokrates was the downfall of the true philosophy of life, and evidently has no more respect for the son of Sophroniskos intellectually than old Cato had politically, and Mr. LIVINGSTONE seems to be of the same mind—the Nietzschean mind. The true Greek genius reveals itself in the early period. And then he proceeds to analyze what is unanalyzable, and presents us with a number of Notes of Hellenism. Somehow he reminds one of the *Sylva Nuptialis* of Nevizan, a poem well known to students of such matters. I am not a student of such matters, but I happen to have a copy, and I was amused to find not long ago in a lending library intended for virgins and boys a French translation of the same poem. It is a poem in which the thirty points of female beauty are catalogued with an unsparing minuteness that reminds one of Alkiphron (1, 39). This production of Nevizan's, by the way, came up to my mind again the other day, when I read how a young woman in one of those eugenic debates now so common claimed for herself physical perfection. But despite eugenics, people will not mate on that basis, and I bethought myself of what Mrs. Humphry Ward says in one of her novels, if they may be called novels, that a woman may have all the endowments that could make the ideal wife for such and such a man; and then comes along a girl that has a way with her, and that girl triumphs over the embodiment of all these admirable qualifications.

Now, Hellas is to me the girl that has a way with her, and I don't want her physical and moral and intellectual charms catalogued by Mr. LIVINGSTONE or any other writer. According to Mr. Murray's deliverance, in the *Yale Review*, Vol. II, No. 2, The Tradition of Greek Literature, these charms are largely to be divined. They are not all revealed in the literature that we possess, for, as he urges, we are unhappily dependent on the selection made by unqualified persons of a later day—monks and the like—so that the true springs of Hellenic beauty are to be discovered only by the divining rod of poetical geniuses—such as Mr. Murray himself. Let us thank God that something is left for us poor moderns.

But that is an aspect of the problem of Hellenism that is not discussed by Mr. LIVINGSTONE, and would hardly be discussed by him at any rate, as he has narrowed his range to the earlier period, to what he considers the characteristic period; and it is in this domain that he undertakes to circulate his Notes of Hellenism. Of course, it may seem strange that I should object to this, for I am a determined analyst, and I have described my proper occupation as the chemical analysis of Greek style. And, which is worse, some years ago I wrote a chapter on Americanism and Hellenism, in which I claimed for Americans all, or nearly all, the characteristics of the ancient Greeks of Mr. LIVINGSTONE's (and Nietzsche's) best period. Here are Mr. LIVINGSTONE's headings: The Note of Beauty, The Note of Freedom, The Note of Directness, The Note of Humanism, The Notes of Sanity and Manysidedness. Now, we Americans are free, we are direct, we are full of a kindly humanity—no people more so. We are sane, too sane to be taken in by Mr. LIVINGSTONE's catch-words. We are manysided, and if one misses the note of beauty, what race of men ever made greater sacrifices to achieve the vision of beauty than we Americans? The poor school-teacher scrapes together all her living for a sight of the wonders of art and nature on the other side of the Atlantic, to the immense surprise of Europeans themselves and the immense profit of hotel-keepers. And if this were not enough, M. Bergson has recently given us a certificate exchangeable for the Note of Beauty.

But all this analysis is in vain, and my own analysis was not very seriously meant. The chapter may be set down as one of my elaborate jests, and I was frank enough to say at the outset that I was at a loss to characterize Americans. It was plain enough that I did not pin my faith to the three apostles of Americanism there cited—Professor Brander Matthews, Dr. Henry van Dyke, and President Butler. Of these Professor van Dyke,

although his special mission to Europe was to tell Europeans what manner of men we Americans are, nevertheless omitted two of the most salient characteristics of our people, 'our peculiar versatility and temperamental resiliency', to use the elegant language of a reviewer in the *Nation*. Sooth to say, I should not have had the courage to carry out my somewhat sophistic parallel, if I had read the following account of an interview between M. Paul Bourget, who explored America some years ago, and Mark Twain—American of Americans.

'There isn't', Mr. Clemens is reported to have said, 'there isn't a single human characteristic that can be safely labelled American: there isn't a single human ambition or religious trend or drift of thought, or peculiarity of education, or code of principles, or breed of folly, or style of conversation, or preference for a particular subject for discussion, or form of legs or trunk or head or face or expression or complexion or gait or dress or manners or disposition or any other human detail inside or outside that can rationally be generalized as American'.

What Mark Twain has said of America and Americans may be made to apply to Hellas and the Hellenes, and he who should scrutinize closely Mr. LIVINGSTONE's characteristic of the Greek genius will find that there is no consistency in his doctrine, that he tries to be on both sides of the fence at the same time. Our pilot's boat yaws frightfully. The trouble about Mr. LIVINGSTONE is the trouble that affects many persons imperfectly acquainted with Greek. They mistake silences of language for absences of character. A flagrant instance of this is the footnote in which he tells us that there is no recognition of personality among the Greek thinkers—just a faint trace of it somewhere in Aristotle—a remark which I have dealt with in a recent *Brief Mention* (XXXIV 233). He might as well abandon the note of humanism, because the Greeks had no word for humanism, as writers on 'Humanität' have pointed out. But that would be quite in line with the charge brought against the French that they have no 'home' because they have only 'foyer' and 'chez soi'; but they have the thing in a deeper, truer sense, and guard it with more jealous love, than the Briton who packs off his boys to school at the earliest possible date. How often does 'humanity' occur in Shakespeare, whom Mr. LIVINGSTONE has credited with Wordsworth's 'Still, sad music of humanity'? Failing to punctuate,¹ 'still, sad' he has left me still sad at the spectacle of the gyrations of this interpreter of the Greek genius. Euripides, the human, is still Euripides the human, though we can't translate Mrs. Browning's epithet into Greek. Mr. LIVINGSTONE makes merry over those cramped intellects, those befogged brains that after ten years' study cannot give any account of the characteristics

¹ Oddly enough the same failure to punctuate occurs in A. J. P. XXXIII 480, l. 39. I am sorry that I cannot lay hands on a special monograph concerning the oxymora of the Lake School, in which 'still music' would naturally figure.

of the Hellenes, except that the Greeks did not have the same appreciation of scenery that moderns have. He laughs at this solitary characteristic, but does not stop to shew that the same thing is in line with his own method. *Solvitur ambulando*. A visit to the sites of Greek temples would forever dispel such nonsense. But comment on all Mr. LIVINGSTONE's pronouncements would carry me over the whole field of Hellenism, and as he is preaching the same gospel that I have preached for more than half a century, I ought to be as generous as St. Paul tried to be in like case.

So much for Greek, for it is indeed ungracious in these days, when the love of many waxes lukewarm, to find fault with any encomiast of Hellenic studies; but one more protest must be entered. Greek is not to be extolled to the disparagement of Latin, and Mr. LIVINGSTONE's outgivings as to the Latin language and Roman literature have aroused in me such feelings of resentment as are not yet outworn. The classics were to have been my avocation, not my vocation. Perhaps they are still, but whilst I adored Greek from my early childhood, it was something to be adored, not to be mastered, as it is yet; and when the question of livelihood came up, Latin was to have been the business of my life. But it turned out otherwise. Still there was great joy in my Latin work, and I 'nourished a youth sublime'—in human life nothing but youth is sublime—on both Latin and Greek poetry; and the Latin nourishment stood me in good stead during the darkest days, which were also the noblest days, of a long life—the days when the elect among the combatants North and South lived on a plane lifted far above the mean-nesses of to-day. And so I brush Mr. LIVINGSTONE's sneer at the Roman poets aside. Grecian as I am, I would not give them up for any resuscitated Alexandrians, and when, now many years ago, Mr. Postgate, A. J. P. IV (1883) 209, called Ovid an inferior Cicero in verse, I resented the characteristic as I afterwards resented Daudet's criticism: *Ça un poëte? Tout au plus de l'infanterie montée*. Meantime Cicero has come back (A. J. P. XVIII 242), and the *nimum amator ingenii sui* has struck chords in me that have never ceased to vibrate. Just after the war I was called on more than once out of the depths of the gloom and defilement of the reconstruction period for inscriptions in honour of the loved and lost, and responding to the cry 'Sculpe querelam' for a monument to the memory of the lads of one Virginia school, I bade the head-master carve upon the tablet,

<Hi> bene pro patria cum patriaue iacent,

the lament of Briseis for her brothers in the *Heroides*. That note of despair has been lost in the louder music of our new nationality, but it lingered long; and when shortly afterward (1867) I

sought to build up the waste places of my people in the humble ways of educational endeavour, I set down as a fitting example of the nominative of the infinitive,

Non tam turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum est.

All that is left of it to-day is 'contendisse decorum est'; and when I read the other day that there is to be a monument in honour of the Yale men who fell in the war, whether on the Union or on the Confederate side, I said to myself: What better motto for the joint monument than the 'contendisse decorum est' of the 'inferior Cicero in verse', 'the mounted infantryman' among the winged brotherhood?

Among the articles summarized by MELTZER¹ that have passed over into the Brugmann-Thumb Syntax is one on the subject of gender, a subject of perennial interest (IGF XXIV 62-69), on which I have had something to say from time to time; e. g., A. J. P. XXV 111, XXVII 361. Years ago Brugmann set his face against fanciful attempts to explain grammatical gender by natural gender, and the paper under consideration is a reinforcement of his famous Princeton discourse. Here as there analogy is shewn to be the potent solvent of such problems as the feminines of the second declension. ἡ ἵππος, 'cavalry', is followed by ἡ κάμηλος, 'camelry', and both are due to the feminine collectives—ἡ ἀσπίς, 'the shield-corps', ἡ αἰχμή 'the spear-corps', and the like. Of course, to a person of my ill-regulated fancy, for which I have been sharply rebuked even in the domain of poetry, in which fancy may be supposed to have some scope (A. J. P. XIV 501), the sexual element will not down; a feminine collective is a mother (S. C. G. 41), and the primal institution of matriarchy comes to the front (see FARNSWORTH'S *Uncle and Nephew in the Old French Chansons de Geste*). And in these days when sexual hygiene is freely discussed in mixed companies of men and women, I might have no hesitation in taking up the subject again from my point of view. But MELTZER has pronounced Brugmann's paper a gem, 'eine kleine Perle', and I do not wish to be classed among the parishioners of Pater Brey, on whom pearls were thrown away; and what I have to say here is really a glorification of analogy, and so far forth an acceptance of Brugmann's doctrine. Great indeed is the goddess Analogy, but the instances of her power I am about to adduce lie in the opposite direction to that which Brugmann has taken; they are samples of the way in which the termination has been too potent for the grammar, the way in which scholars—and not those of the lowest rank—have yielded to the spell of the final syllable.

¹ Jahresbericht 1904-1910. Cf. A. J. P. XXXIV 370.

And while Brugmann is explaining the way in which the masculine nouns come to be used as feminines, the same nouns are quietly restored to the masculine ranks. I call no names. I might cite the great work of a first-class grammatical authority in which ἡ ὁδός figures as ὁ ὁδός, and my eyes have seen '*hic* Peloponnesus', '*hic* periodus', and '*hic* supellex', in conformity with the rule 'Masculine are nouns in -ex'. The latest example of this deviation occurs in the writings of an illustrious Pindarist, who has emended an epigram of Simonides (A. P. XIII 10, 5) by changing *ζαθία* in 'Ισθμοῖ *ζαθία* to *ζαθία*. 'Der Isthmos', he says confidently, 'ist kein Femininum'. Alas, it is ἡ 'Ισθμός over and over again in Pindar, O. 7, 8; 8, 89; and in I. 1, 32, we find 'Ισθμός *ζαθία*, the very adjective emended. The usage seems to have been a local one, and while *εἰσοδος* will occur to everyone as a sufficient analogy, *γέφυρα* might suggest itself to others, for *γέφυρα* is Pindaric for the Isthmus of Corinth. Compare N. 6, 40: *πόντον γέφυρα*, and I. 3, 38: *γέφυραν πορτιάδα*. The gender seems to me not inappropriate to the genius of the place, the home of the *ιερόδουλοι* and Pindar's *πολύξεναι νεάνιδες ἀμφίπολοι Πειθοῦς*. The Isthmus was a 'gateway', and the symbolism of gate-money would readily be understood by those who have ever peeped into the Sunday-school literature that has gathered about the Hebrew Daleth. But οὐ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς εἰς Κόρινθον ἔσθ' ὁ πλοῦς, and in Athens a more abundant entrance is indicated by Menander's successful rival: ἡ θύρα 'στ' ἀνεφγμένη. εἰς ὀβολός· εἰσπήδησον (Philemon 4, 4 M.). The Isthmus was a door. At all events sexual imagery would have spared the world in this case an unnecessary conjecture, and that is something gained; and not only so, but it would have confirmed the *ἵεναι* etymology of *Ισθμός*, despite the 'digammated' 'Ισθμός of the Isthmians.

As I write, the cable brings the news of the death of Robinson Ellis. Not many weeks have passed since he put forth one of his lectures—'nourished' lectures were they all—so that he must have worked on to the end, a lesson to those who need it. To the world at large he was the great editor of Catullus, though he edited so much else. To me he was a sympathetic friend and a generous helper in giving the American Journal of Philology the professional stamp, not yet effaced by the fantasies of *Brief Mention*; and as a manner of memorial I give here a list of what he wrote for the Journal, and another list of the reviews consecrated to his work:

- I 389-401: The Neapolitanus of Propertius.
- II 411-424: On the Fragments of Sophocles.
- III 485: Review of Buecheler's *Petronii Satirae et Liber Priapeorum*.
- IV 210-211: *Coniecturae Babrianae*.
- V 1-15; 145-163: On the Elegies of Maximianus.

- VI 285-295: Remarks on Vol. II of Kock's *Comicorum Atticorum Fragmenta*.
- VII 224-227: Corrections in the Text of Parthenius.
 310-324: Phillips Glossary.
 239-243: Review of Plessis' *Études Critiques sur Properce*.
 88- 91: Review of Schenkl's *Calpurnii et Nemesiani Bucolica*.
- VIII 1- 14: On some Disputed Passages of the *Ciris*.
 399-414: Further Notes on the *Ciris*.
 IX 474: Elegia in Maecenatem, 61, 2.
 362-363: Review of Rubensohn's *Crinagoras*.
 265-273: Enoch of Ascoli's MS of the Elegia in Maecenatem.
- X 159-164: A Contribution to the History of the Transmission of Classical Literature in the Middle Ages, from Oxford MSS.
 208-209: Two Conjectures on the *Dirae* and *Lydia*.
- XI 1- 15: The *Dirae* of Valerius Cato.
 137-144: Suggestions on the 3d Vol. of Kock's *Fragmenta Comicorum Atticorum*.
 357: *Ciris*, 470-472.
- XII 348-349: Callim. *Lauacr. Pallad.*, 93-97.
 481-485: *Ad nova fragmenta Antiopes*.
- XIII 343-348: *Ovidiana*.
- XIV 350-361: Suggestions on some epigrams of the 3d Vol. of Didot-Cougny's edition of the *Anthologia Palatina*.
- XV 233-235: Review of Bröring, *Quaestiones Maximianae*.
 469-494: New Suggestions on the *Ciris*.
- XVI 498-506: Review of Herwerden's *Εὐριπίδου Ἑλένη*, and Jerram's *Euripides, Helena*.
- XXI 76- 77: Notes on the Recently Discovered Elegy of Poseidippus.
- XXIII 204-206: New Conjectures on Parthenius' *περὶ ἐρωτικῶν παθημάτων*.
- XXVI 437-440: *Culex*, 367, 8 and *Ciris*, 66.
- XXIX 178-185: Notes and Suggestions on Lefebvre's *Comedies of Menander*.
- Reviews:
- III 86- 89: Gildersleeve's Review of Ellis's *P. Ovidii Nasonis Ibis*.
 VI 229-230: Warren's review of Ellis's *Anecdota Oxoniensia*.
 IX 359-362: Ashburner's review of Ellis's *Fables of Avianus*.
 XI 93- 95: Klapp's review of Ellis's *Catullus*.
 XIII 101-103: Warren's review of Ellis's *Noctes Manilianae sive dissertationes in Astronomica Manilii*.
 XXV 357 ff.: Brief Mention of Ellis's *Correspondence of Fronto and Marcus Aurelius*.
 XXX 360: Brief Mention of Ellis on Latin.

Long before I knew him personally, I was much stirred by his translation of Catullus in the metres of the original. This was in my own translating days, before I had realized the hopelessness of translation, at least for myself; and I was naturally much interested in comparing my handiwork with his. In 1880, one of my memorable years, I went abroad in the interest of the *Journal*, and for the first time came into personal relations with English classicists; and the early numbers of the *Journal* shew that I had succeeded in enlisting the help of Oxford and Cambridge scholars of mark. Of the classical men whom I met during that summer, Robinson Ellis gave me the most cordial welcome, shewed the deepest interest in my project, and proved to be the most conspicuous and steadfast contributor to the work

that has absorbed so much of my time and energy. After my return we exchanged letters from time to time until of late years, when his eyes failed, and he ceased to send me those marvellous specimens of chirography, which by reason of the minuteness and intricacy of the characters were as perilous to the eyesight of others as his incessant reading of manuscripts had been to his own. A man who could illustrate a Latin commentary by a reference to Brer Rabbit cannot be said to have been out of touch with our times, and yet I have always felt as if I had been privileged to know one of the great scholars of the past, with their bewildering wealth of first-hand knowledge and their immediate vision. His interpretations often seemed to be fanciful, his conjectures too acute to be convincing, but the massiveness and the genuineness of his learning held my critical temper in check; and I shall cherish the memory of his friendship as a precious possession. Two visions of my kind host, my sympathetic correspondent, abide in my chamber of imagery. One as he sat in his rooms poring over a yellow parchment MS. lighted by two candles. No figure more like one of the pictures of those large-limbed scholars of the old days whom he delighted to honour. 'A book-worm, a candle-waster'¹ he would have been called by the wits of the spacious times of great Elizabeth, to which he seemed to belong. The other as he stood in a pouring rain, over against the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, and recited to me pages of Petronius, not contained in the *Cena Trimalchionis* of the *Satyricon*. His last lecture was on the *Amores* of Ovid. Vast, varied, and vivid was his knowledge of those ranges of antique life and literature, and he would not have disdained the association of his name with that of Peter Burmann.

W. A. M.: Cicero says, to be sure, in his hurried letter to his brother Quintus (II 9, 3) that the poem of Lucretius had *ingenium* and *ars*, and Suetonius (p. 38 R.), that Cicero 'emended' it; but if there was anything that Cicero despised it was Epicureanism and all its literary works, and there is no other evidence that he ever read Lucretius or took other contemporary poets seriously. And yet, if he was asked to launch the dead poet's work—a tribute to his good nature and reputation (Pliny, Ep. III 13)—the natural thing for him to do would have been to turn the job over to Tiro, his man of all work. And this I think he did: Tiro put the book together and published it, and the great orator got the credit. This is the only solution that gives me any peace of mind in this much debated matter. Lersch had somewhat the same opinion many years ago (*Röm. Diorthosen* 19).

¹ Comp. Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels III 2.